The Black and Gold

WINSTON - SALEM CITY HIGH SCHOOL

cheve le le



MAY, 1920

The Biggest Thing Columbus Ever Did Was To Set Sail!



The reason so many men never arrive is that they never start. They lie becalmed in the Bay-of-Bide-A-Wee and die dreaming in the Land-Of-Going-To-Do.

You can't get anything in this world without going after it. And that applies to both diplomas and careers. If you want the mark, make a start. If you want the help of fine clothes, consider Hickey Freeman's Quality Clothes.



Felder-Briggs Co.

"Pay Cash—Cash Pays"

Winston-Salem

Greensboro

Danville

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"BLACK AND GOLD" STAFF

The Black and Gold

Published by the Senior Class of the Winston-Salem City High School

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1920.

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No. 7

DEDICATION

TO

MISS MARY C. WILEY

IN APPRECIATION OF

HER INTEREST AND UNTIRING EFFORTS

IN BEHALF OF THE SENIOR CLASS

OF 1920, THIS ISSUE OF

THE BLACK AND GOLD

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

Roll Call



LILLIE MAE CROTTS

"Her sunny locks Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Member of Rooters' Club; Athletic Association; Charles D. Mc-Iver Literary Society; Thrift Society—Safety League.

MARY KATHRYN EMMART

"A cast of thought upon her face That suited well the forehead high."

Member of Rooters' Club; Athletic Association; Charles D. Mc-Iver Literary Society; Thrift Society—Safety League; Class Statistician.





AVA TAYLOR GUYER

"The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed, And ease of heart her every look conveyed."

Member of Rooters' Club; Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Safety League-Thrift Society; President of Athletic Association; Captain of Basket Ball Team.

ARGIE BLANCH COOKE

"Pete"

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair to look upon."

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Rooters' Club; Secretary of Safe'y League-Thrift Society; Class Statistician; Member W.-S. High School Typewriting Team.





Mamie Gladys Fletcher "Peggy"

"Loyal-hearted, strong of mind.
A nobler girl you'll nowhere find."

Member of Charles D McIver Literary Society; Rooters' Club; Safety League—Thrift Society; Class Statistician.

KATHARINE LOUISE WAGONER "Kid"

"Her voice was ever soft and gentle, An excellent thing in woman"

Member of Rooters' Club; Safety League—Thrift Society.





SARAH LOUISE GRIFFIN "Gay"

"Joyously I follow laughter's path And now and then indulge in Math."

Member of Safety League—Thrift Society; Rooters' Club; Fun-maker for Senior Black and Gold.

SALLIE L. NIPHONG

"Death with his lance would lay me low Before I'd yield me to a foe."

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Safety League— Thrift Society; Rooters' Club; Class Prophet.





JUANITA LOUISE HARTLEY

"A mind not to be changed by place or time."

Member of Rooters' Club; Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Safety League—Thrift Society.

ELAINE SOPHIA HOLLEMAN

"Lane"

"As pure as a pearl,
And as perfect: a noble and innocent girl."

Member of Athletic Association; Rooters' Club; Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Safety League— Thrift Society.





KATHLEEN HUNTLEY

"K"

"She is pretty to walk with, And witty to talk with, And pleasant, too, to think on."

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Athletic Association; Safety League—Thrift Society; Girls' Basket Ball Team; President of Rooters' Club; Class Historian.

I. ADELAIDE FISHEL

"Fishie"

"Wherefore that faint smile of thine, Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?"

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Rooters' Club; Safety League—Thrift Society.





NELLIE SCOTT JOHNSON

"Just Nell"

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint;

And to those who know thee, all words are faint."

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Athletic Association; Safety League—Thrift Society; Member W.-S. High School Typewriting Team.

RUBY ANNE PETREE

"Rube"

"Be to her virtues very kind, Be to her faults a little blind."

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Safety League— Thrift Society.





SALLIE MARIA LENTZ

"Sal"

"She has a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute"

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Rooters' Club; Safety League—Thrift Society; Member W.-S. High School Typewriting Team.

SADIE SHAPIRO

"Chip"

"Patience is a virtue; she finds it when she can."

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Safety League— Thrift Society.





CORA HAZEL STEPHENSON

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds Were in her very look."

Member of Athletic Association; Thrift Society—Safety League; Chairman of Debating Committee and Chairman of Program Committee of Charles D. McIver Literary Society, First Half; Treasurer of Rooters' Club; Editor-in-Chief of BLACK AND GOLD.

GLADYS MARIE HUDGENS

"Courteous, tho' coy and gentle, tho' retired."

Member of Rooters' Club; Athletic Association; Thrift Society—Safety League; Fun-maker for Senior Black and Gold.





HOLLIS TREVA PEAFF

"'Tis well to be merry and wise, 'Tis well to be honest and true."

Member of Rooters' Club; Athletic Association; Safety League—Thrift Society; Critic of Charles D. McIver Literary Society, Second Half; Associate Editor of BLACK AND GOLD.

MARGARET BERNICE POINDEXTER "Beep"

"To know her is to love her."

Member of Rooters' Club; Athletic Association; Safety League—Thrift Society; Critic of Charles D. McIver Literary Society, First Half; Class Prophet.





GLADYS MONTGOMERY SILLS

"Ishnee"

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young, I laughed and danced and talked and sung."

Member of Rooters' Club; Athletic Association; Thrift Society—Safety League; Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Fun-maker for Senior BLACK AND GOLD; First Violin in Orchestra; Vice-President of Class.

MARGARET FRANCES SPEAS

"Duck"—"Speas"

"Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers."

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Athletic Association; Rooters' Club; Safety League—Thrift Society; Sub. on Basket-Ball Team.



NANCY VAUGHN STOCKTON

"Nance"-"Stock"

"She is fair and never proud; Hath tongue at will and yet never loud."

Member of Thrift Society; Basket-Ball Team; Secretary of Safety League; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association; Cheer Leader of Rooters' Club; Funmaker for Senior BLACK AND GOLD; Associate Editor of BLACK AND GOLD; President of Charles D. Mc-Iver Literary Society, both Terms.





FRANCES COLEMAN STOVALL

"She who talks much is sometimes right."

Member of Rooters' Club; Athletic Association; Charles D. Mc-Iver Literary Society; Safety League-Thrift Society.



NETTIE AILEN THOMAS

"Tom"

"I was born under a rhyming planet."

Member of Rooters' Club; Athletic Association; Safety League—Thrift Society; Chairman of Arrangement Committee of Charles D. McIver Literary Society, First Half; Press Reporter of Literary Society, Second Half; Associate Editor of BLACK AND GOLD; Class Poet.

PAULINE TURNER

"Pal"

"Like the brook's low song, her voice."

Member of Rooters' Club; Athletic Association; Safety League—Thrift Society; Chairman of Music Committee for Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Class Statistician; Secretary of Class; Pianist in Orchestra.





FRANCES PITT FEEZOR

"Frank"

чиничения в под подражения в принципальной п

"She trudg'd along unknowing what she sought,
And sang as she went for want of thought."

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society, Safety League— Thrift Society, Athletic Association.

FANNIE GLADYS SNIDER "Paquita"

"Tamano es no todo"— Size is not everything.

Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society, Safety League— Thrift Society.





GARLAND E. STILL

"B. Still"

"The mildest mannered man."
Member of Hi-Y Club, Baseball
Squad, Calvin H. Wiley Literary
Society, Rooters' Club, Athletic
Association, and Football Squad.

HENRY I. SHEPHERD

"Duck"

"He draweth out the thread of his werbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

Member of Football Team, Easeball Squad, Athletic Association, Fun-Maker for Senior Number BLACK AND GOLD, and Sergeantat-Arms of Hi-Y Club.





RALPH CAIN

"Jack"

"Here's to the actor who, no matter what character he plays, can never hide his own."

Member Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, High School Orchestra, Alternate Calvin H. Wiley Debating Team; Treasurer Class.

WINBOURNE THOMPSON

"Shorty"

"Men are not measured by inches"

Associate Editor Black and Gold, Member Baseball Squad, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Class Statistician.





THURMAN SCOTT

"Mordecai"

"Cheerful without mirth."

Member of Athletic Association, Football Squad, Hi-Y Club.

J. CONRAD WATKINS, JR.

"Con"

"Happy am I, from care I am free;

free;
Why aren't they all contented like
me?"

Member of Athletic Association, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Hi-Y Club, Press Reporter Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Assistant Business Manager BLACK AND GOLD.





MARCUS WILKINSON

"Dutch"

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

Business Manager BLACK AND GOLD, Member of Athletic Association, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Assistant Fun-Maker Senior BLACK AND GOLD.

WALLACE REYNOLDS

"Socrates"

"Look you, I myself am nearest myself."

Member of Athletic Association Football Team, Basketball Team, Hi-Y Club.





DONALD CHIPMAN

"Don"

"All the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company."

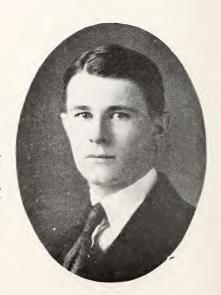
Member of Athletic Association, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Hi-Y Club, Football Squad.

W. FORREST FULTON

"Funny"

"Cheerful, Gay, Hearty."

Member of the Football Team, Easketball Squad, Hi-Y Club, De-bating Team, Rooters' Club, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Treasurer of the Athletic Association.





HAROLD LINEBACK

"Preacher"

"No-wher so busy a man as he there was, And yet he seemed bisier than he was."

Member Baseball Team, Hi-Y Club, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society.

RUDOLF MATTHEWS

"Crimson"

"He bears an honorable mind."

Member of the Athletic Association, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Class Statistician.





CHARLES M. DAVIS

"Nappy"

"To be an athlete Is to be happy."

Member of Football, Basketball, and Baseball Teams, President of the Athletic Association, Hi-Y Club, Captain Football and Basketball Teams, Secretary Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society.

JOHN FRIES BLAIR

"Johnny"

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wits; by and by it will strike."

President of Class, Associate Editor-in-Chief Black and Gold, Member of Athletic Association, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society; Winner of McIver Deglamation Cup.





CHARLES N. SIEWERS "Pete"

"In dimensions and the shape of nature a gracious person."

Associate Editor BLACK AND GOLD, Member of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Athletic Association, Hi-Y Club, Basketball Scrubs, Calvin H. Wiley Debating Team, Director High School Orchestra.

J. A. VANCE, JR.

"Jigger"

"Of manner gentle, of affections strong, A man for business all along."

President Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Member of Athletic Association, Calvin H. Wiley Debating Team, Secretary Hi-Y Club, President Boys' Rooters' Club, Business Manager Black AND Gold, Fun-Maker Senior Black AND GOLD.





LINDSAY SAPP

"Sappy"

"At whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads."

Member of Athletic Association, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society.

FRED W. ROMIG

"Freddie"

"He above all the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

Member of Athletic Association, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society.





VERNON COX

"A gentleman of invincible modesty."

Member of Athletic Association, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Baseball Team.

FREDERICK SPAUGH

"The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils."

Member of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society; High School Orchestra; Athletic Association; Thrift Society-Saftey League.



Tomorrom

Once more June has come with her sunshine,
Her breezes and blossoms fair.
The birds gaily sing in the tree tops,
And the children play without care.
It is spring time—vacation time—joy time,
The air vibrates with the tune,
Yet for us a touch of sadness
Lies hid in riotous June.

For to-morrow each one fares forth To sow in the world's vast field; And whatever we sow will flourish and grow, And give us back just vield. The whole world lies before us-'Tis ours to win or lose. Success, we may have, or failure Which ever we chance to choose. We may soar to the heights above, Or plunge to the depths below, Yet until the end we have still a friend In the old High School, where'er we go. Now let us review together Our school days almost gone. We have come to the end of our race, And can proudly say, "We have won."

Yet 'tis with no feeling of sadness
That soon time parts our way.
Those days we have spent were happy,
But To-morrow brings happier days.
And to you who shall after us come,
May we leave this truth in mind—
That he who seeks in W.-S. H.
Some treasure rich will surely find.

-NETTIE ALLEN THOMAS.

An Appreciation



T HAS been ten years since Mr. White came to this city to take charge of the High School, and all of us had the feeling that, as it was when we came, so it would be when we left,—Mr. White would still be sitting in the Princi-

pal's chair; and we all expected that as he had greeted us when we entered, so he would bid us farewell when we departed

But the Class of 1920 is the last to whom this happy lot will fall for recently it has been made public that Mr. White has de-

fall, for recently it has been made public that Mr. White has decided to leave our High School, at the close of the present scholastic

year, for the Chair of Education at Guilford College.

We knew that there had always been the closest ties between Mr. White and the Quakers, for Mr. White graduated at Guilford, and was further associated with them by his attendance at Haverford College, Pa; but we had no idea that the call of the College would appeal to him until we heard that the session of 1919-20 would be his last with us.

It is with the greatest reluctance that we give Mr. White up. We feel that he is a vital part of our school life. He came to us when we were a comparatively small and insignificant High School and he has stayed with us year after year and helped us forge to the front till now we stand in the foremost ranks of our

State High Schools.

During the ten years of Mr. White's principalship, Winston-Salem High School has made wonderful progress. The enrollment has increased more than one hundred and fifty per cent, and advances have been made along all lines of instruction, literary, commercial and vocational, while in athletics, public speaking and de-

bates our school has won a name for itself.

Mr. White's departure will be an incalculable loss to our school, and to our community, and especially will it be felt by those of us who have had the privilege of attending the High School since he has been here. For he has found a place as a friend in the heart of each one of us who have known him so well; and through his patient and earnest work with us, along a number of lines, we have all learned to respect him, and to honor him. Therefore, we unite in expressing our regret at his departure, and in extending to him our sincere best wishes for his new position. And while we lament, in the highest degree, our loss of so excellent a teacher, so proficient an executive, and so valuable a citizen, we wish also to extend our hearty congratulations to Guilford on being able to obtain as instructor one, of whom it may fittingly be said:

"His life is gentle, and the elements So mixed in him that Nature may stand up, And say to all the world, 'This is a man.'"

Popular Vote



Hazel Stephenson John Fries Blair "Most Studious"

Daphne Wimbish Donald Chipman "Best Looking"

The Days That Are Gone

E, the Class of 1920, made our debut at the Winston-Salem High School at the perfectly proper time of entrance. Fifty-seven varieties we were — some light-headed, some brown-haired, some black-headed, and a few grey-headed,

due to seven previous years of worry.

In our Freshman year we were so numerous that every available crack and corner was pressed into use, but by the time we had explored the mysteries of Algebra and Latin we had very noticeably decreased and three rooms were sufficient to hold us. Little time was there in our Sophomore year for gayeties and frolics, for our country was in need of all our spare time and pennies. We were very proud of our Service Flag, with its one gold star, and we earnestly spent our time knitting gay-colored quilts, and buying war-savings stamps for our country.

By the time we reached our junior year we thought we were "know-alls," but after the Seniors had directed us to the side-door entrance several times, our dignity suffered painful injuries, and we realized we were not yet those envied and irreproachable beings—High School Seniors.

This, our Senior, year will certainly be a long remembered one, and especially the good times we had after class and when lessons were over. The gay Hallowe'en party when the Juniors entertained us with "quips and cranks" and served a real salad course with silver forks, though borrowed ones of course, will never be forgotten.

The year has not been one of frolics only, however, for we have worked at our tasks with a zeal that has always characterized the boys and girls of 1920. In all of our studies we have come up to the standard of other classes and in English we believe that we have gone just a little further than other classes. At any rate, after our regular assignments in composition and letter-writing, our study of Burns and Shakespeare, Macaulay and Milton and Carlyle, we have had a three-months' course in the study of present-day English with the *Literary Digest* as text-book. This study of the topics of the day has been especially interesting to the girls of our class, in that they are confidently looking forward to casting their votes in the presidential election of 1924.

In another thing has our class forged to the front—in that we have had military training, though not compulsory, during our senior year—and under an officer who has seen service over seas, Captain John Watson Moore.

In history and in science, in commercial branches and domestic science, in "math" and Latin, we have toed the mark. Many of us, however, would have appreciated Virgil more if his Aeneid had not lived after him. As for working eighth grade prithmetic problems, we were perfect geniuses! I'm sure Mr. Moore will vouch for that.

And now the time of Commencement is at hand; our joys, our frolics, our hard times we have already begun to think of as in the past; and already June—three-years-from-now—looms great before us, when as Alumni and Alumnæ of old W.-S. H. S. we shall hold our first class reunion.

The friendships we have made will never cease. Wherever we may go, or whatever we may be, it will always be for the ideals and the principles we have built during our four happy years at the Winston-Salem High School, and for the honor of the Black AND Gold.

-KATHLEEN HUNTLEY.



DEBATING TEAM

Cooking into the Future

"For I dipped into the future As far as human eyes could see."



COULD hardly believe my eyes! There before me lay the letter announcing that I had drawn the lucky number for a free trip in an aeroplane. It seemed impossible, but it was certainly so.

When the day arrived for me to take my trip, I was anxious to go; nevertheless, I was frightened. I finally mustered up enough courage and climbed up into the aeroplane determined at all costs to enjoy myself. At first I heard only the buzzing of the propeller, and felt only the shaking of the machine, but as we rose higher a mysterious feeling crept over me. I felt as if I were approaching some unseen planet. And I must have been, for suddenly balls of all colors surrounded the plane, bursting forth such dazzling light that my eyes were almost blinded.

Then before I could realize it, one after another of these balls burst and there before my dazzled eyes was spread a vision of the future. First appeared the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and on looking closely I saw that "Juliet" was Kathleen Huntley and "Romeo" Lindsay Sapp.

As the next ball burst, I saw a crowd of people gathering around an auction stand with a band approaching in the distance; as it came nearer I recognized as the leader of the band, Nettie Allen Thomas. It seemed impossible but it was certainly Nettie Allen dressed in brilliant red uniform, gayly tossing her head in time to the music. Then who should appear upon the auction stand but John Fries Blair, offering to the highest bidder that which he no longer had use for—his Senior Dignity.

As the next ball exploded, I spied a great placard announcing the coming of W. Thompson's Animal Show; with its famous fat man, Cap. K. Fry; its trained lady acrobat, Slim Saucy Speas; and the wonderful snake-charmer, who by the magic of her voice was able to subdue the fiercest of reptiles, Kathryn Emmart.

The next thing I beheld was an artist's studio where I recognized Hazel Stephenson posing for the artist, Frederick Spaugh, in his masterpiece, "Love's Fair Young Dream."

The next ball showed a Chautauqua scene; the manager, Juanita Hartley, presenting the speaker, Pauline Turner, who was to give her world renowned lecture, "How I Lost Fifty Pounds a Week."

This scene gave way to a crowded thoroughfare in the metropolis of Hanestown, where a limousine, bearing the coat-of-arms of the governor of North Carolina, or rather the governess (for I now perceived that the Old North State was in the hands of the suffragettes) had stopped for its fair occupant, Gladys Sills, to gaze upon the sign bearing these words:

SIGNOR RUDOLPHO MATTHEWODO FAMOUS HAIRDRESSER SPECIAL SKILL IN APPLYING PEROXIDE.

Next to the beauty shop I spied an attorney's office: "Stovall and Pfaff, Advisers on all points of matrimony." Then it must have been true what I had heard—that Frances had just taken unto herself a seventh husband and that Hollis was working hard for her

first.

A hillside dotted with tender lambs, followed this scene and lo, "a certain shepherd lad" strangely like my old schoolmate Marcus Wilkinson was seen playing his oaten flute to the tune of "You'd Be Surprised."

Following this peaceful scene, there appeared a crowded suffragette hall with Forrest Fulton extolling to his admiring audience the virtues of his newest invention; a machine to clean up women's

kitchens while women cleaned up politics.

Then quickly this scene gave way to a busy thoroughfare where high upon an improvised stand, I perceived one with frantic gestures engaged in the pleasant task of persuading others—Conrad Watkins trying to sell his latest book, "How to Study Virgil," written in twentieth century Latin.

Suddenly the sign of the "Black and Gold" attracted my eye, and through the dingy window of a city office I spied I. A. Vance bending over a huge ledger. I found that Jay had amassed a fortune by collecting other people's bills on commission and was spending his leisure years in the collection of the back subscriptions

to the "Black and Gold."

Then scene after scene flashed before me in these wonderful balls. I saw a great courtroom where the learned judge, Elaine Holleman, was arraigning—could it be?—my old classmate, Charles Siewers, for trying to buy women's votes for President of the United States. I saw a policewoman directing automobile traffic on a busy corner, and as the officer turned toward me I recognized, in bright blue uniform, Lillie May Crotts, chief traffic cop of Kernersyille. I saw a pompous gentleman ascending the steps of a Fifth Avenue home, and I knew it was Ralph Cain, for I had heard how he had grown rich from the discovery of oil in the

front yard of his old home. Then I saw a great building with the sign, "Hudgen's Home for Henpecked Husbands"; and at once I recognized the familiar figure in front of the building as Gladys herself; and yes, the patient she was taking out for his regular afternoon walk was no other than Vernon Cox. After this, I caught a glimpse of an Old Maids' Convention, and at first I wondered why so many beaux kept hovering around in the background, but when I saw that Nancy Stockton was the leading spirit of the convention, I understood! A large office was next seen with its walls covered with posters for the Literary Digest, and as I saw the name of the designer of these posters, Fred Romig in flaming letters, I perceived that Fred's Senior English training along this line has been of advantage to him.

Suddenly the words flashed before me, "Chipman's Home for Unfortunates," and I found myself gazing with horrified eyes into the woman's ward of a lunatic asylum. Out of the kindness of his heart, I found Donald Chipman had erected an asylum for young

women who had broken their hearts over him.

Suddenly my dazzled eyes felt the glare of a tropical sun shining down on them—it seemed to be a great school in the heart of Africa. Hundreds of tiny Africans, clad in native smiles, were listening in delighted wonder as their instructress, Ava Taylor Guyer, expatiated upon the practical uses of geometry for interior decorations. The very thought of Ava Taylor finding any use for geometry made me laugh so heartily that I must have broken the spell. At any rate, with a blare, and a clash of rainbow colors, the balls faded into space and I found myself falling, falling to the ground and my wonderful trip in the aeroplane was completed.

-BERNICE POINDEXTER.



Memories

As a bar of wondrous music

Floats over the summer sea,
So across the flying years

Dim memories come to me.

I see the dear old High School, Abandoned long ago, And the faces now forgotten Before me come and go.

In the hall I hear the footsteps,
The hurry and the noise,
As from the many classes,
Come forth the girls and boys.

But now each picture slowly fades, And goes its onward way, And at last appears before me Our graduation day!

I feel again each thrill,
As I did that day in June,
When life, and love, and happiness,
Seemed all in perfect tune.

And even the tears of sadness
In my memory have their place,
And the faintly outlined features
Of each old familiar face.

How dear we hold the memory Of those days of long ago. What treasures rich they bring us, As we are baffled to and fro.

Even in our darkest moments,
When we're thickly set with fears,
Memory spans the River Time,
And brings back the happy years.

NETTIE ALLEN THOMAS.

Senior A-B-C's

- **A** is for Argie and Adelaide, too; Whatever they're asked they always do.
- **B** is for Bernice, quite small in size; But when she recites you'd be surpised.
- **C** is for Catherine, the most studious of all, Who spends all her time studying in the hall.
- **D** is for Davis, our school athlete; In every sport he's hard to beat.
- **E** is for Elaine, in her "sunny" way, Who makes us happy the livelong day.
- **F** is for Frances, who laughs all the time, And makes everyone want to join in line.
- **G** is for Gladys, whose chemistry book Never gets a peep, not even a look.
- **H** is for Hazel, who, everyone knows, Attracts much attention from the second right hand row.
- I is for Idle, a thing we are not, For we are all truly a studious lot.
- **J** is for Juanita, a smart little lass; By sitting on the front seat she leads the class.
- **K** is for Kathleen, who sits on the boys' row; We don't wonder why; just 'cause we all know.
- L is for quiet and shy Lillie May; She doesn't say much, but that's just her way.
- **M** is for Margaret, whose mischievous way Gets her in trouble most every day.

- N is for Nancy, who is our "belle"; Also for Nellie, known quite well.
- O. Ava can surely play basketball; She's always right there at the referee's call.
- P is for Pauline and also for Pete; No wonder they're large, just look how they eat.
- **Q** is for Questions and answers as well. Every word of Webster N. A. can tell.
- R is for Ruby and Rudolph, too; You never can tell what they'll do.
- S is for Sallie, Sarah and Sadie; Each one of them is a nice little lady.
- T in Typewriting is where Mamie does well; How she does it, though, nobody can tell.
- U is for Unity, of which we all boast; In three years we will gather from coast to coast.
- V is for View, which none of us lack. Old W.-S. H. S. we will always back.
- **W** is for Walter, whose fame is renowned For slipping from class with never a sound.
- X. Y and Z mark the end of our rhyme:
 We would write more, but haven't the time.



Mhere Wishes Come True



WAS about to turn away, everything seemed so strange to me, when suddenly a light flashed before me, then disappeared, then shone again in startling radiancy. "Wagner's Wishing Well!" The letters fascinated me. What

could they mean?

I followed the gay crowd I saw pushing through the little door. Could it be the interior of a dismal brick building, this woodsy nook I had wandered into, with its shrubberies, its many-colored beds of flowers, its pool of clear, shining water?

It was the pool of "Wagner's Wishing Well," for so the bright greens and scarlets of the flowerbeds spelled—that attracted my fancy; and as I paid the stately Lady of the Well for a drink of her Magic Water, something strangely familiar in the bright glance of her eye made me wonder. But no, it could not be that my old classmate, Kate Wagner, had become a mere Worker of Magic?

But, "Make your wish before you drink!" broke upon my reveries, and as I lifted the tiny mug to my lips I saw written in shining letters:

If from this cup you take a drink
And make a wish or two,
A magic spell'll come 'fore you think
And you will find your wish is true.

Perhaps it was the suggestion of Kate that prompted the thought, "Oh I wish I could see my classmates, the merry boys and girls I used to recite with in old Winston-Salem High School!"

No sooner were the words uttered than, presto! the wish became a certainty. A schoolroom spread before me, but such a schoolroom, big and airy and filled with smiling school girls intent upon their books, and betimes, upon their easy-going Professor, Harold Lineback.

Then the scene changed. I was in Africa, in a wild, lonely spot on the Niger. Some one had built a mud hut and through its tiny window I caught a glimpse of Sarah Griffin almost buried in sheets of closely written manuscript. Escaping from the clatter of tongues, Sarah had come to this lonely spot in Africa that she might complete her treatise on "How to Capture a Man."

A thousand bombs exploding on every side! a clash of knives! shrieks and howls! I found myself in Russia. In a great square, closely packed with bearded Reds, I saw a meek little woman vainly endeavoring to be heard. It was Sallie Lentz trying to sell the Reds her latest invention, "The Modern Ouija Board."

The next thing I saw was the interior of a studio, its walls lined with sketches of cats, big cats, little cats, lean cats, Persian cats, cats of every description and kind, and bending over the easel making her fifty-thousandth sketch of a cat, the artist, Frances Feezor.

Hearing gay music in the room adjoining the studio, I peeped in there and whom should I spy but Sadie Shapiro intent upon making her dancing pupils slim and graceful.

But fast and thick came the pictures. I caught a glimpse of a theater, the prima donna, Mamie Fletcher holding spell-bound the vast audience; of a doctor with a small medicine case in her hand, stepping into her auto for the day's rounds, Nelly Johnson; of a great business house, with the private secretary, Garland Still, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the President of the concern, Ruby Petree; of an awkward squad trying to master the elements of football, Charles Davis, coach, and Gladys Snyder, captain of the Girls' Football Team.

The next picture gave me a glimpse of a mining camp in far-away Alaska, rude huts scattered here and there. Through the window of one of these huts whom should I see but Henry Shepherd, talking as usual.

A noise of shouting people and rattling vehicles and I was in the heart of a great city. A woman in policeman's uniform was busily directing the people which way to go, and as she turned I saw that it was Sarah Stephenson.

Then I heard beautiful music, and before I could say anything I was in a small room, and there playing his violin, oblivious to the world, was Thurman Scott.

Before I knew it I was in a railroad station, before the Travelers' Aid desk, and there I found Adelaide Fishel; she had at last found a position where she could use her hands to her heart's content.

Then the scene was in far-away Japan. It was spring time with the cherry trees all in bloom, and sitting under one of these trees I saw a group of young Japanese girls listening to their teacher. There seemed to be something familiar about this golden-haired woman, with the pleasant ring in her voice; and when she turned her face towards me I saw that she was Argie Cook.

The mission school faded; a large aeroplane field stretched before me. A demonstration of the wonderful "Ocean Plane" was being held and I saw that the demonstrator was the great aviator, Wallace Reynolds.

"Why, hello, Wallace!" I exclaimed, and as I spoke the spell was broken and the Magic Pool would reveal nothing else.

—Sallie Niphong.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The Black and Gold

Published by the Senior Classes of the Winston-Salem City High School

Subscription Price_____\$1.00 Per Year

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Editorial

High School Days

N the heart of every one of us there is the old, yet ever new, wish to tell others, when leaving High School days behind, what these days have meant to us. Often we have said how happy we shall be when notebooks and assignments are things of the past, but when the time comes for us

to lay aside the tasks which have been ours so long, and to turn our faces toward the unknown world which Commencement Day marks, we find a sadness mingled with our joy.

Memories arise, pleasant memories of days gone by, memories of "old unhappy, far-off things," softened by time's kindly touch.

The words of Virgil, "Perhaps it will please thee at some future time to have remembered these things," come true in our case. We love to think back upon those far-off Freshman days when, ignorant of school precedent, we so boldly walked in through the front door. We can even laugh at the memories of Ninth Grade days when our dignity was insulted by daily inspection of desks, the things that loomed so big in our Tenth Year, the terrible originals in Geometry, the sonnets we had to write, the History talks on Czecho-Slovakia and such subjects; the problems of our Senior year, the long lines of Virgil, the explosives and gasses of chemistry; all these seem trivial now when we think of the real life we are facing.

But yet school tasks are not trivial, for the training that comes from lessons well learned, habits of industry and concentration form the basis of future usefulness! and so we would urge our friends of coming Senior Classes to look well to the present, to do each day the tasks set before them, to appreciate the golden opportunities as they come one by one.

—C. H. S.

Prospects for Next Year



HE outgoing class of 1920 extends its best wishes to the Class of '21 for a most satisfactory Senior year. Although Mr. White will no longer be with the school, Mr. Moore will be principal, and there is surely no man better fitted

for the task. In the first place, by his long connection with the school, he will be in an excellent position to take up the work and carry it forward. Second, his ability for leadership has been proved by his career in the army, in which he enlisted as a private, and was dismissed a captain. Third, his personal character, as it has been revealed to us by constant association in the classroom and outside, and the high ideals for which he stands, admirably suit him to take the helm and pilot our school onward in a successful voyage.

In other ways the prospects for next year are good also, for it is to be hoped that the after-war restlessness, which seems to have enveloped the whole country, and which has been felt very strongly in our school, will have died down, so that the year may be one

of honest, hard work.

Then better opportunities for athletics are in sight, and the Literary Societies surely ought to put out some winning debaters and declaimers, so that Chapel Hill's debit slip may have upon it some items in favor of Winston-Salem.

— J. F. B.



Class Will

We, Seniors of 1920, Winston-Salem High School, being in spite of arithmetic problems, Commercial and Eighth Grade, English Papers and Posters, Virgil—fifty-lines-a-day, of reasonably sound mind and good health, do hereby draw up our last will and testament.

Item 1. I, Lillie Maye Crotts, do hereby will and bequeath to Nancy Tyree my ability to yell, realizing her need of the same.

- Item 2. I, Charles Davis, do hereby will and bequeath my seat in the corner to Shorty Burns as it will just about fit the corner of his head.
- Item 3. I, Pauline Turner, of sound mind and body, do hereby will and bequeath my position as Orchestra pianist to Mary Henderson Roan, hoping it will be an incentive to her to get to school on time—at least, on Wednesday mornings.
- Item 4. I, Nettie Allen Thomas, being of supposedly sound mind and body, do will and bequeath to the Junior Class that common sense bequeathed me by Helen Henley, of the Class of 1919, feeling there is a sufficiency of the same for all.

Item 5. I, J. A. Vance, Jr., do will and bequeath to William

Pfohl my skill in working Math.

Item 6. I, Hazel Stephenson, being of questionably sound mind, do hereby will and bequeath my ability for losing books to Esther Efird, realizing her need of an excuse for not getting up lessons.

Item 7. I, Adelaide Fishel, do hereby will and bequeath my little desk on the front row to Espie Iseley, knowing that she is

capable of filling it.

Item 8. I, Henry Shepherd, do hereby will and bequeath to Bill Sharp my speed in shorthand, realizing there is room for improvement in the same.

Item 9. I, Kate Wagner, being sound in body and in mind, do will and bequeath my corner seat in the Senior room to Lydia

Yingling.

Item 10. I, Frances Stovall, of supposedly sound mind do hereby will and bequeath to Annie Glass Roediger my desire to giggle at everything from Mr. McNew's stern "Pass out" to Mr. Moore's, 'You've made 100(?) on Algebra!"

Item 11. I, J. Conrad Watkins, do hereby will to George Poe my knowledge of Virgil, knowing him to be in sore need of

the same.

Item 12. I, Hollis Pfaff, do hereby will to Frances Griffin my front seat, realizing her need of the teacher's watchful eye.



Item 13. I, Ava Taylor Guyer, of serious mind and plump body, do hereby bequeath to Alice Dunklee my Senior dignity, trusting that by next year she will be worthy of it.

Item 14. I, Wallace Reynolds, realizing the pitiful situation Henry Wilson is in, do hereby will him my exceptionally great

knowledge of Cemmercial Law.

Item 15. I, Nancy Stockton, do hereby cheerfully bequeath to Daphne Wimbish a large wad of chewing gum left by some Eighth Grader on my freshly-copied English notes.

Item 16. I, Nellie Johnson, of sound mind and good health, do hereby will and bequeath to Elizabeth Newman my knowledge

of spelling.

Item 17. I, Sally Niphong, do hereby will and bequeath my delightful task of making class prophesy to Lenora McKinney, hoping she will have plenty of ideas by the time she needs them.

Item 18. I, Rudolph Matthews, being generous of heart, do hereby will and bequeath to Shober Ellis one stick of chewing gum

which I forgot to chew this past session.

Item 19. I, Margaret Speas, being of sound mind and in good health, do hereby bequeath to Nancy Tyree my ability to secure a date with Mr. Graybeal every day after chemistry.

Item 20. I, Sarah Griffin, do will and bequeath to Hester Speer my ability in writing Palmer method, realizing her need for

the same.

Item 21. I, Thurman Scott, do hereby will and bequeath my trials and troubles of typewriting to Charles Holleman.

Item 22. I, Bernice Poindexter, do hereby will and bequeath

to Margaret Horne my formula for getting fat.

Signed, sealed, and published by the above Class of 1920, on this 2nd day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hunderd and twenty.



Senior Activities

In the many branches of our High School life the Class of 1920 has been well represented. As a Senior Class she has taken the

lead in all High School activities.

Early in the school year the girls and boys began active society work by forming two Literary Societies. The girls organized the Charles D. McIver Literary Society, while the boys organized the Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society. The Eleventh Grade was represented in both societies by a majority of the officers, including both presidents, and a large number of members. The meetings have been held twice a month and with the help of the faculty both societies have rendered some instructive as well as entertaining programs.

Again this year the High School entered the State-wide debates. Eight men debated the question on March 21st in the chapel before the two Literary Societies and three judges, who were to decide the debate and the speakers to represent the High School. Three out of the four speakers on the team and the two alternates were

Seniors.

The Orchestra this year has been exceptionally well organized. Until Christmas every instrument needed in a small orchestra was well represented, but after Christmas we lost our manager and best baritone player, Ethelbert Holland, who had to leave us on account of his health. He has been greatly missed by the Orchestra and the whole school. However, with our best baritone player and manager absent, we have been able to continue our playing at the weekly chapel exercises. At times during the year the Orchestra changed itself into a band to play for the football games. So the High School this year has enjoyed music on the athletic field as well as in the chapel.

During the last half-term a prize was offered by the University of North Carolina to the High School student in the State who submitted the best examination paper on Chemistry, the questions to be given by the University. Winbourne Thompson of the Class of 1920 represented our High School and won second place in the

contest.

In Athletics this year the Senior Class has been well represented. In football and basketball the manager and captain and several members of the squad have been Seniors. The captain and manager of the baseball team and four other members of the nine are members of the Class of 1920.

The Senior Class is represented on the Black and Gold staff by the Editor-in-Chief, the Associate Editor-in-Chief, four Associate Editors, the Business Manager and the Associate Business Managers. This year the Editors and Business Managers of the BLACK AND GOLD have been untiring in their efforts to make it the best magazine the Winston-Salem High School has ever published and our Faculty adviser, Miss Mary C. Wiley, of the English Department, declares that she has never had a more willing and

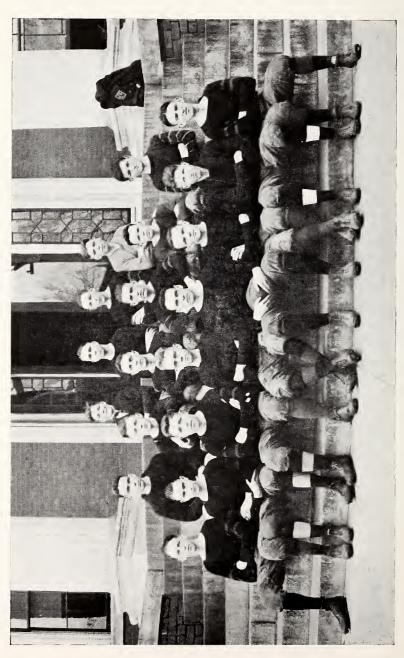
enthusiastic group of editors to work with.

Such has been our work along general lines. In the daily work of the class room we have forged ahead, too. In English our work has been done with enthusiasm and interest and in addition to the regular course of study we have spent three months on the literary study of an up-to-date periodical, the Literary Digest. This study of the Literary Digest has been both profitable and interesting, and we have vied with one another in arranging Scrap Books, exhibiting examples of prose composition, description, argumentation, exposition, and narration, present-day poems, cartoons, and topicsin-brief; and in making, in committees of three, original posters setting forth outstanding and important features of each issue. In History, our special study of Community Problems has meant much to us as future citizens of the most progressive City of the South. In Mathematics a practical review of arithmetic has fitted us better for life-after-graduation and the work we have done by means of charts and graphs has been helpful in showing us our year's work in comparison with the accomplishments of other classes. In the Typewriting classes there has been much enthusiasm over the North Carolina High School Typewriting Contest to be held on May 7, for the University Cup. Our team is composed of three Seniors, who have made a fine average on the work so far, and as this goes to press these Seniors—all girls—are still working with the cup in view, and we sincerely hope they will win it.

It is in no spirit of boastfulness that we give these statements, but in the spirit of thankfulness that we as a class have had some part in the activities of our school along all lines for the year of 1920.

—Charles Siewers.





Just for Fun

What We Expect Not To Be

1, John Fries Blair, a street car conductor.

2. Nancy S., professor of spelling in the Richard J. Reynolds, High School.

3. Winbourne Thompson, slight-of-hand performer in vaude-

ville.

Pauline Turner, girl's basketball coach.

5. Bernice Poindexter, fat lady in Barnum-Bailey circus.

6. Nappy Davis, instructor in the art of tripping the light fantastic toe.

7. Charles Siewers, a mason, laying brick for the new High

School.

8. Nettie A. Thomas, a cross between Jeannette Rankin and Irvin S. Cobb, at Memorial Hall in 1925, still expostulating upon the essentiality of extemporaneous loquaciousness.

9. Donald Chipman, "Somebody's" hen-pecked husband.

10. Ava T. Guyer, driver of Tiretown jitney.

11. Rudolph Matthews, founder of Die-Rite Hair Tonic Corporation.

12. Fred Spaugh, director of Cottontop Jubilee-Tormentors' Band of Happy Hill origin.

A Mischievous Damsel

And it came to pass, in the days of the Class of Twenty, there was a mischievous damsel, the name of whom I will not mention, lest peradventure, she be amongst us. And it came to pass, we had a Latin test, and Mr. McNew said, "There will be no questions. This do ye as quickly and quietly as possible." And forthwith this certain damsel began to talk, and the schoolmaster said, "Thou art a rude girl. Pass thyself out of the room, and I will give thee a zero. Do as I bid thee." And she did so.

-Hollis Pfaff.

Favorite Songs In Senior Class

I Love the Ladies-Forrest Fulton.

K-K-Katy—C. Siewers.

Alice, Where Art Thou?—C. Davis.

They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me-G. Still.

Oh, Bring Back My Jimmie To Me-N. S.

A Good Man Is Hard To Find-N. A. T.

I Know I Got More Than My Share-P. T.

As K— recites history: "It began in 1860, and by 1680 was quite flourishing.

Cap Fry on Spelling Exam.: Erosion is a nice study. The falgrant snowflakes were falling fast.

K. H. (English Note Book): Please send me two basketball gloves. (We thought stars knew more than that.)

Charles Siewers (in English): "The shirt may be made of white, or any other gay and giddy color."

When I go out to promenade, I feel so proud and gay, I take my little dog along, To scare the girls away.

The boys who patronize the Lunch Counter say it's lucky for the girls that a cooking examination doesn't necessitate their eating what they cook.

Eleventh Grader to Mr. Moore: "Mr. Moore, what is a hexagon, a square circle with six sides?"

Wanted-By Forrest Fulton, a diploma.

FOR SALE—Ideas! Ideas! See Nettie Allen Thomas.

As Nappy was going out one eve, His father asked him, "Whither?" And Nappy, hating to deceive, With blushes, answered, "With her."

H. P.: "J. A., did Bernice tell you that that was my dollar for the BLACK AND GOLD.?"

J. A.: "Yes, I think she said the paper dollar was yours."

Miss Mary: "What did God make the earth from?" N. A. T.: "Why, just a great big mass of nothing."

The Senior Class is blessed with a human, walking dictionary—the Thomas Edition.

Something To Look Forward To.

- 1. Cap. Fry riding in state to the White House—President? Not at all. Only ambassador from the Virgin Islands.
 - 2. Forrest Fulton stumping the State for Woman's Suffrage.
- 3. Lillie Maye Crotts and Fred Romig waging a second Lincoln-Douglas debate on the proposition: The New High School shall adorn its walls with *Literary Digest* Posters; Miss Crotts upholding the affirmative, Mr. Romig the negative.
- 4. J. A. Vance still begging for unpaid BLACK AND GOLD money.
- 5. Hazel Stephenson, "Wanting but little here below"; "Just to live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to 'Man.'"
- 6. Gladys Sills touring the country in the interest of the Never-Late Club.

Sallie Niphong is thinking quite seriously of changing her profession as stenographer to that of Love Prophet.

Miss Mary: "Why was Saul a good king?" Sarah S.: "Because he was good looking."

Kate Wagner thinks Sherlock Holmes ought to have had a wrist watch.

Identification Card for High School Students.

THE FRESHMAN—Little, loud, and hopeless. Mostly hopeless.

Exists on ignorance and curiosity. Usually harmless.

The Sophomore—Has survived the Freshman days. Begins to think he knows something. Looks forward with great expectation to the day when he will be a Junior.

The Junior—Disappointed. Divides his time between failing on his studies and envying the Senior. Has a high opinion of himself.

THE SENIOR—Begins to look on life as a failure. At times has hopes of finishing school.

-THURMAN SCOTT.

Henry S. and Charles D. say that as soon as their pictures are finished that they will be on sale at the office. *Don't crowd*.

The Eleventh Cooking Class warns incoming classes to come out after an oral lesson.

Miss Mary: "How many of you girls are going to Salem next year?" Charles Davis and Henry Shepherd promptly raised their hands.

In speaking of distress, how about a certain Senior's initials?—S. O. S.

The revenue officers should make a raid on Garland's Still.

We wonder why Argie and Mamie dropped cooking for "Home Management?"

Lost—My Seventh Grade energy.—R. A. P.

Wanted—To know where Sallie Lentz got the diamond on her left hand. She says she has lots of positions offered her. Which will she take???

Lost—A perfectly good position as center. Finder please notify Nelle J.

Wanted—To know where F. Romig learned all the physics that he intrusts Mr. Graybeal with.

Wanted—To find out who was that stout hobo who argued for an hour with the trainman who tried to put him off.

We know now why W. Thompson received so much mail from "Learn to Pitch in Six Weeks?"

Wanted—To know John Fries Blair when working mathematics always stops at a 50?

For Sale—One dictionary—Thomas edition. See Seniors.

Legal aid dispensed freely. See "Duck" Shepherd.

Wanted—To know where Fred S. always goes on the night before tests.

Wanted—To know why Nancy Stockton always likes to have the window facing the Y. M. C. A. open in the afternoon.

Wanted—To know why Ralph Cain had so many photographs made.

Things Accomplished by the Class of 1920

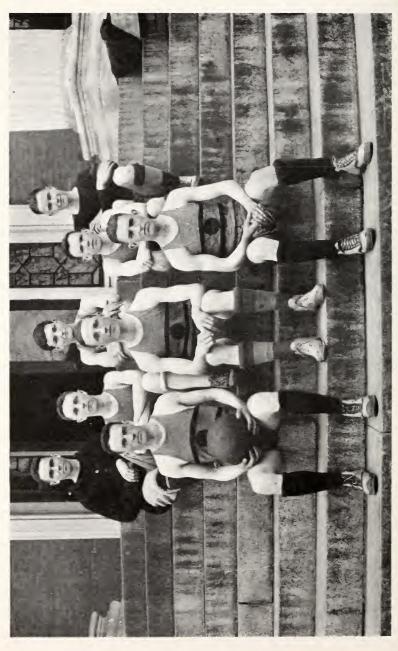
The girls have learned when to yell at a football game.

Winbourne has learned to speak above a whisper.

Nettie Allen's associates have formed the habit of carrying pocket dictionaries in her presence.

Rudolf has learned the art of "coloriting" his hair. Donald has learned to recite without resembling a beet.





Athletics

With the return of Mr. Moore, as coach, we expected great things in athletics this year. However, we suffered a severe blow in the loss of our Captain "Nappy" Davis, early in the football season. Despite that difficulty, we worked up a fine team, and, although we did not go to Chapel Hill, we played some pretty fast games. The two hardest fought games were with Greensboro, both of which we tied.

Basketball started off this year with entirely new material; however, we put out a fine quintette. But we failed to count on the "flu" epidemic which occurred just in the midst of the season. Still we succeeded in getting into the preliminaries, but lost to Greensboro in a hard fought game, by a few points. The Charlotte game was the first lost on the home floor in six years.

This spring the girls became interested in Woman's Rights. We undertook to materialize the dream of years, and a girls' basketball team was organized. We played only two games, both with Greensboro. However, although we lost both games, we did not consider this as proof that we could not play ball. Greensboro has had an organized team much longer than we, and has played many more games. At present, class teams are being formed, and we are looking forward to some fine games.

We have five old men back on the baseball team, from last year champions. So far, we have played only one game—that with Trinity Park. We lost by a score of 6 to 3; however, we were playing against three of our stars of last year.

—N. A. T.





TYPEWRITING TEAM

Exchanges

The John Marshall Record, Richmond (Va.) High School. __ __

The Sage, Greensboro (N. C.) High School.

The Hillbilly, Asheville (N. C.) High School.

The Dalhi Journal, Bryan Street High School, Dallas, Texas.

Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary.

The Messenger, Durham (N. C.) High School.

The Gale, Revere, Mass.

The Academian, Wesley Collegiate Institute, Dover, Del.

The Review, Central High School, Washington, D. C.

The Darlingtonian, Darlington Military School, Rome, Georgia.

The Missile, Petersburg (va.) High School.

D. H. S. Porpoise, Daytona High School.

Book Strap, Charleston (W. Va.) High School.

The Oracle, Sidney Lanier High School, Montgomery, Alabama.

The Chathamite, Chatham Episcopal Institute (Virginia).

The Book Strap—Charleston, West Virginia: Your magazine is very interesting, especially the stories and jokes. The poetry is very good.

The John Marshall Record: The articles in this magazine are well written, but we do not like some of the subjects.

The Gale: The "Gale" is a very interesting magazine with many good features. The jokes are very good, while the stories could be improved upon a good deal, both in quality and quantity. The personals and athletic news are very interesting and written in a lively style. There are some very good pieces of poetry, but the editorials are rather short. The advertisements are very attractively worded and arranged.

The Hillbilly, Asheville, N. C.: Your magazine is excellent and every department is well gotten up except for the fact that you have no editorials.

Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.: This is one of the best magazines we have received. The stories and poems are good, and the pictures add a great deal to the magazine.

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